

**"PERPETUAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY," FOR "POWER IS ALWAYS STEALING FROM THE MANY TO THE FEW."**

**CHARLOTTE. N. C. DECEMBER 1, 1848.**

**J. L. BADGER, Editor.**  
**T. J. HOLTON,**  
**Proprietor and Publisher.**

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DECEMBER, 1919.		Sun rises.	Sun sets.	MOON'S PHASES.
1 Friday,	7 74 53			
2 Saturday,	7 84 52			<i>For December, 1918</i>
3 Sunday,	7 84 52			P. M.
4 Monday,	7 94 51			First 3 2 55 even'n
5 Tuesday,	7 94 51			Full 16 6 23 morn'n
6 Wednesday,	7 104 50			Last 17 6 22 morn'n
7 Thursday,	7 104 50			New 25 11 0 morn'n

*Alas—Carry me back to Old Virginia.*  
 The times have been when honest men  
 Were at the head of State,  
 But scheming knaves and party slaves  
 Have been in luck of late;  
 So clear the track for brave Old Zack,  
 From the North to the Southern shore,  
 And honest men will rule again  
 As they did in days of yore!  
 Chorus—  
 Come join our throng with shouts and song  
 For Taylor and Fillmore!  
 And brave Old Zack will bring us back  
 To the good old times of yore.  
 Oh! James K. Polk, we thought it a joke,  
 In eighteen forty-four,  
 When you were named for President  
 By your friends in Baltimore;  
 But they'll look out what we are about  
 Before it is too late,  
 And we'll have no such cruel joke  
 Played off in forty-eight.  
 Come join our throng, &c.  
 Oh! Lewis Cass, what a silly ass  
 You made yourself appear,  
 When the Cleveland boys made such a noise  
 That the people could not hear;  
 When old Judge Wood, on the rostrum stood,  
 And put a fil in your ear,  
 Your voice got weak and you couldn't speak,  
 For you quaked all over with fear.  
 Come join our throng, &c.  
 Oh! Lewis Cass, you ne'er can sit  
 In the Presidential Chair,  
 For circumstances wouldn't admit  
 Of your attendance there;  
 And little Mar, you're down so flat  
 You ne'er can rise any more!  
 So up Ball, Frear and Gillespie,  
 For you've been there before.  
 Come join our throng, &c.  
 P. M. Int.

**HOME, SWEET HOME.**  
I am anxious to say a few words about *Home*. The song tells us 'there is no place like it'. And the song is right. But how few homes there are in the world! Or how many "homes" which are no homes! It is enough to make a person sick to think of it. Not one home in ten is deserving of the name. And what wonder! Look at it.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, "marries it," goes to housekeeping with it,—and boast of having a home to go and a wife. The chances are nine to ten he has neither. His pretty face soon goes to be an old story,—or becomes faded and freckled, or fretted,—and as that face was all he wanted, all he "paid attention to," all he set up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to "love, honor, and protect,"—he gets sick of his trade: knows a dozen faces which he likes better; gives up staying at home evenings; consorts himself with cigars, oysters, whiskey punch and politics; and looks upon his "home" as a very indifferent boarding-house. A family of children grow up around him; but neither he nor his "face" knows anything about training them; so they come up helter-skelter,—made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when young men and women;—and so passing year after year, and not one quiet, happy, hearty, homely hour is known throughout the whole household.

Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dines the polka with it, exchanges *billet doux* with it, poses the question to it, gets "yes" from it, is published to it, takes it to the parson's, and weds it, calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends and says, poor devil, that he too is married, and has got a home. It's a lie. He is not married, he has no home. And he soon finds it out. He is in the wrong box, but it is too late to get out of it. He might as well hope to escape from his coffin. Friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. — They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the cupboard, the new bible, the newer baby, and then bid the "fortune" and him who "husbands" it, good morning. Good morning! As if he had known a

good morning since he and that gilded "fortune" were falsely declared to be one.

Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She gets her cap for them. They take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, first one, then the other, preferring themselves both in exchange for her one heart. The dear miss is overcome with such magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home her prize, shows it to her pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there was never such a pair [of whiskers] before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the word calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honey moon, and then the unlucky discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.

There are many other kinds of ill assorted "marriages," and they all result in an unhappy "home." What else could be expected? Young folks get their ideas of the holiest relation in life from the novel. Or when this is not the case, they, in most instances, have no idea of all of it, but are governed in their choice and conduct by their feelings, their passions, or their imagined interests. Thus the marriage union is prostituted throughout the civilized world, and the terrible retribution is seen in myriads of discordant and disordered households. Home, which should be the most beautiful of places, is shunned by thousands as a pest house. Children finding no enjoyment beneath the parental roof, seek for it in places of public resort, become corrupted in their manners and morals, and are ruined — To this cause more than to almost any other, can be traced the immorality of our youth.

Oh, what a delight it is,—if it were only for the rarity of the thing,—to enter a house where husband and wife are one, and the whole family are united together in the bonds of love! There always is peace. There always is heaven itself. Sorrow there will be, of course, for shade is everywhere is inevitable as sunshine; but alike in sorrow and in joy,—possibly more in sorrow than in joy,—the true home, the home which is home, is a scene of the utmost beauty. It is the pure domestic influence which the world mainly needs for its purification. These noisy sects, these swelling parties, these concerted orators may all do required work—but the one thing needful is the calm, serene, yet resistless influence of home. Show me a family of children brought up in the pure atmosphere of such a place; let into the paths of light and love by a kind mother; directed to scenes of honorable ambition by a wise father; disciplined in all pure affections by the sweet intercourse of brother and sister, and the offices of good neighborhood; and you show me a family whose characters will do more towards elevating the moral sentiment of the community, and unloosing its hands of wickedness, than could be effected by all the organizations into which poor human nature has ever been derailed.

The following capital story is from *Le Journal*, a French publication:

"A merchant at Marseilles, having a business correspondent on the African coast, thought him, that as some members of his family had shown a partiality for monkeys, he might gratify them by sending for one or two specimens of these animals from Africa. Accordingly, he wrote to his correspondent to procure two or three of the finest and most admired species, and transmit them to Marseilles. Chance so ordered it that in putting down the *ou* (in English or) between the figures 2 and 3, he made the *o* very prominent, while the *u* remained scarcely visible. Some months afterwards a ship porter came in all haste to the old merchant, and announced to him that his menagerie had arrived. "Menagerie! cried the merchant. "Yes a menagerie, a whole cargo of monkeys had arrived by his consignment." The merchant could scarcely credit the announcement, until the letter of his correspondent was put into his hands. In that epistle the African negotiant, a man of the most uncompromising exactitude, excused himself very earnestly for not having been able, with all his exertions, to procure more than 160 monkeys, in place of the 203 ordered, but promised as soon as possible, to fulfil the demand. The feelings of the honest merchant may be guessed, when on moving down to the quay to satisfy himself on the subject by ocular inspection, he beheld his 160 monkeys, all duly caged and littered, and grinning at him with the most laudable pertinacity. It was the moment when a man might reasonably doubt whether it could be best to laugh or cry. So much for the value of cyphers."

A kiss is thus defined in a love letter written in the year 1679, and translated from the German: What is a kiss? A kiss is as it were a seal, expressing our sincere attachment; the pledge of future union; dumb, but at the same time, audible language of a loving heart; a present, which at the time it is given, taking from us the impression on an ivory coral press; a crimson balsam for a love wounded heart, a sweet bite of the lip; affectionate pinching of the mouth; a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons; a sweetmeat which does not satisfy our hunger; a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time; the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers, the fourth degree of love.

A process has been discovered, according to the following extract from the London Mining Journal of July 22, by which a soft and useless stone becomes hard and valuable. This seems almost too much to believe, but we have learned to think twice before we express doubt's in relation to almost any thing; we therefore will not doubt these statements, yet will not promise to believe them without more evidence. The writer in the Journal says, in relation to "Hutchinson's Indurated Stone:"

"We have much pleasure in observing that this valuable material is quietly, but surely forcing its way in public estimation. The principal materials at present operated upon are the beautiful freestone at Caen, in Normandy, and a worthless sandstone which crumbles between the fingers of Calverly Quarry, Tonbridge, Kent, but which, as we have before stated in our notices on the subject, is rendered as hard and durable as granite. The patentee, to whose long persevering efforts must be ascribed the perfection to which the processes are brought, still, in the most handsome manner, publicly declines the merit due to the original invention. It was first discovered by a M. Charles L. Goux, of Bayeux, Normandy, and of whom Mr. Hutchison purchased the *brevet d'invention* which had been taken out for France, and has since taken out patents for the same in other countries. We think the merits of the substance produced are now generally becoming known to the public; and as time continues to give additional proofs of its economy and the perfect indestructibility of the materials, and as probably still further improvements may be made in coloring during the indurating process, rendering it more applicable than at present to the finer works of art, it is likely to become one of the most valuable discoveries of this extraordinarily inventive age. As we have so often fully described the processes and their effects, it would be superfluous for us on this occasion to repeat them. To show, however, that our favorable opinions are fully borne out by others, we give the following from the *Suisse Express*.

"Having heard much of Mr. Hutchinson's method of indurating stone, we were induced to visit his works at Jack Wood's Spring on Tuesday last. We had been prepared to expect to find that the stone which had been subject to the process of induration had been completely metamorphosed; but we must confess we were not prepared to see the soft stone at Jack Wood's, which in its natural state crumbles to powder with the slightest pressure between the thumb and finger, rendered as hard as granite or marble. Several pieces that were shown us were close imitations of various kinds of the most beautifully grained and black marble; and as by this process it is rendered absolutely imperishable from atmospheric action, and capable of receiving the highest polish, we can, without the slightest hesitation, accord to Mr. Hutchinson the merit of making one of the most extraordinary discoveries of the present age. The softest stone, chalk, wood, paper, &c. can be rendered as hard as metal, so that the most useless rubbish can be turned to the most valuable purposes; and, to crown all, the cost much lower than any other that has hitherto been introduced for purposes to which it can be applied. Of course, in the space of a newspaper paragraph, it would be impossible to enumerate a tithe of the benefits this discovery is likely to confer on society; but from the information we gathered while inspecting the works, we consider it highly deserving the attention of engineers, architects, sculptors, builders, and even of surveyors of high way."

An English paper contains the following bit of information—at the same time a bit of warning to all those who are liable to be in a like situation:

"Not long ago, while a marriage ceremony was in progress, a most amusing circumstance occurred, which completely put a stop to the performance, at a most interesting part of it, and sent the disappointed maiden and anxious lover two different ways—anything but rejoicing. It appears that the young couple had gone separately to church, for the purpose of being made one. The ceremony went on well enough until the minister came to the words, "With this ring I thee wed;" when the bride essaying to take her glove off her maiden hand for the last time, could not effect it. Whether it was agitation or heat, or nervousness or perspiration, the leather clung to her hand as a man ought to do, and would not part company. The bride blushed and pulled; the bridegroom laughed outright; so did the father and the mother; so did the spectators, except the clergyman, and he exclaimed, "I did not come here to be laughed at;" and shutting the book, left the ceremony half finished, the bride half married, and the glove half off. It is happily added, however, apparently for the information of all who may sympathize with the disappointed fair one, that she tried the next day with more success. That time she went to church with gloveless hands and the nuptial knot was tied "tight as a glove."

Jonathan Harrington, of Lexington, the last survivor of the battle of Lexington, who is now above ninety years of age, walked one mile and a half on Tuesday, and deposited the first vote for Zachary Taylor in that town.

The latest and best definition of money  
s, a composition for taking stains out of  
character.

The recent arrival of Passed Midshipman Edward Fitzgerald Beale from the western coast, together with the wonderful news which he brings of the discovery,—now at last, at the western base of the Sierra Nevada, of the real *Dorado*—so long searched for all over our continent—has already been noted in your paper. A brief account of his ride, full of hazard, and accomplished with such extreme gallantry and spirit, is due to the service which this brave, enterprising young officer renders and will at the same time exemplify the deplorable condition of government and police throughout Mexico.

Midshipman Beale left the port of La Paz, near the foot of the peninsula of California, on the 1st of August; and on the 5th arrived at Mazatlan, on the west coast of Mexico. Thence he took passage in a small goleta, and after a terrible coasting voyage of five days, in such weather as is only known off that coast, he made the harbor of San Blas. At this place commenced his land journey, southeast one thousand miles by way of Guadalupe and Mexico city, to Vera Cruz. It was with much difficulty that he got away, so certain was it held by the Mexican governor of San Blas and everybody that, travelling thus unprotected, he would be waylaid and murdered by some of the numerous bands of *ladrones* (robbers) who at this time, more than ever, on consequence of the dispersion of the troops of Paredes, line all the public roads in Mexico. Having undertaken the duty, however, nothing could daunt or detain our gallant young officer; and accordingly on the 12th of August he started.

He travelled without any other escort than a guide; his plan being to ride at full speed, both day and night, and thus accomplish his journey in the shortest possible space of time, and also lessen the dangers of the road by the rapidity of his transit.—His wardrobe for the journey consisted—to begin at the top—a Mexican glazed *sombrero*; below that, an ample red flannel shirt, followed by leather breeches, and terminating in a pair of the *h'de boots* of the country. In this costume, and with his young moustache and sun browned visage, and speaking Spanish, he was the counterpart of a native of the country; but his defensive outfit was of another sort, and eminently American—four revolvers, six barrels each, and a knife, could only be packed on the person of a genuine American, expecting danger, and determined to go through it.

Thus accounted, young Beale left San Blas on the 12 h of August. By his rapid travelling, and the formidable character of its armament, he accomplished the first sixty miles without serious interruption.—Here, at a sudden turn of the road, a peremptory call of "Alto ahí!"—halt, there—brought one of his revolvers to bear upon a party of three "gente de camino"—people of the road who had drawn up in his front. To throw him off his guard, they demanded his passport, under pretence of being road police. "Yes," replied Beale, answering in their own tongue—"yes, you can see my passport; one of you come and get it!" After some parley, the party appeared disposed to go off; but Beale insisted that it was their duty to examine his passport, and it might be unsafe for them to turn their backs before they had done so.

Under this intimation, the leader of the party, with Basil's revolver drawing a bead upon him as a caution against treachery,—approached within arm's length, and received the passport, and at the same time the information that the revolver, with which "Senar Ludron" was already acquainted, was one of four equally ready for service. The caballero was immediately profuse in apologies for stopping an American officer; and the whole party were ready at once to turn back, or to turn off by another road. Heale, however, knowing that his safety lay in having them behind him, intimated his preference for that movement; and, after some hesitation, they passed on in front of him, under the muzzles of his revolver, until out of pistol shot; when he put his horse to speed, and was soon beyond reach of pursuit.

At Topik, the dangers of the road had become so imminent, and he was so constantly assured that he could not fail to be assaulted on the way, and probably lose his life, that he determined at least to secure the transmission of the contents of his important despatches to the government. — He therefore, though not without fear of disproof from the department, in case he should get through, opened these papers, copied them, and with a note to the American minister in Mexico, enclosed the copies, as ordinary letters, in the mail. These could arrive, even should he be murdered on the way, and the originals thus be lost.

He continued his journey, travelling both night and day, with no other rest than he could snatch by throwing himself on the muddy ground, in the brief intervals of ten or twelve minutes occupied at each post in changing out fresh horses and changing the saddles. Two days' journey the other side of Guadaluajara, a *laada* (gang) came out of the woods in his rear, just at nightfall, and, discovering him, gave chase. He had nothing to do this time but show them his heels, (in case their eyesight was good enough to see them,) since the darkness could prevent the judicious use of his revolvers, on which he depended in the day. He accordingly increased his already rapid pace, expecting speedily to distance his pursuers; but they were not so easily shaken off. They continued the chase some hours, and frequently the foremost ones appeared upon him sufficient to fire carbines at his back; but he at length made good his way to the next post.

Having heard of a party of eleven travellers ahead of him, Beale made speed to overtake them, for the greater security of travelling in company. This party was attacked by a large band of robbers before arriving at Gaudalajara, and on the day following his night pursuit, Beale came up to the scene of the encounter. The whole party of travellers had been killed and wounded, and the blood was still fresh in the mire which it had formed, the bodies only having just been removed.

From Gaudalajara Beale departed at 6 o'clock in the evening, choosing that time for starting, both to avoid losing the night, and in order that his departure might be the more secret. He made the distance to the village of L g (fifty-five leagues—one hundred and sixty five miles.) in twenty-seven and a half hours, arriving there at half past nine of the night following his departure from Gaudalajara.

It was the rainy season as he had experienced all the way ; but at the time of his leaving Guadalajara it set in with full force. The unparalleled fury of the storms which prevail in this part of Mexico in the height of the rainy season is noted by every traveler in that country. The road by night is often visible by the intense glare of lightning, which, though its flashes are nearly incessant, leaves moments of pitchy darkness. The torrents of rain which fall, tear up rocks and trees on the mountain sides, and wash them down into the road. The water-courses, from the same cause, become fearfully deep and rapid, so that the traveler, who will still pursue his journey, must often swim them at great hazard. It was in this sort of weather and under these circumstances that our undaunted young officer continued his travel—stopped neither by fatigue, hardships, nor dangers, and never putting his head under a roof for repose until he reached the city of Mexico.

This side of Ligos he took passage for the security he supposed it would afford, in a diligence—the public conveyance. There were a dozen passengers, and of the number two Mexican colonels; so that Beale now thought certainly they were safe from robbers. He soon found, however, that the disposition of the party, in case of attack, was for surrender; one of the colonels having assured them that it was the best way, as the robbers would only beat instead of murdering them, if no resistance was made. At the end of the first stage, therefore, Beale bade good-by to the diligence, and resumed his way with horse and guns.— He afterwards learned, in Mexico, that the diligence had been attacked shortly after he had got clear of it, and the passengers robbed and maltreated according to promise.

Among the incidents of his journey was his meeting, at a village on the other side of the capital, with a person who had deserted from the American army. The scamp was in a most miserable condition, and taking Beale for a Mexican, came to him to beg, telling him that he had fought against his own country for us, (the Mexicans,) and was now starving; and his appearance, covered with filth and vermin, warranted what he said of his wretched state. Beale listened to his story with apparent attention until his horse was brought, not thinking it prudent to disclose his real character. As he put his foot in the stirrup, however, the rascal renewing his entreaties with more earnestness, and begging for God's sake, and in virtue of his deserting from the American side, and his services to Mexico, something to keep him from starving, Beale could hold in no longer, and as he swung into his saddle, shouted to the fellow's ear, "Starve and be d—d, you traitorous scoundrel, and don't come begging of an American officer!" The next instant Beale was fifty yards off; but when he turned to look, the beggar was standing, apparently stupefied, on the same spot.

Beale arrived in the city of Mexico on the eighth day from San Blas. In all the distance he had hardly been under a roof, and had not stopped for any other purpose than to change his horse, except when at Tepic, to take copies of his despatches and put them in the mail. His only sleep was obtained by throwing himself on the muddy ground, in snatches of ten or twelve minutes, while his horses were changed.—When he arrived, of course, he was literally cased in mud, and he now dried himself for the first time since leaving San Blas.

The Hon. Mr. Clifford, the American minister in Mexico, wishing also to send despatches, Midshipman Beale was here detained three days. As an example of the state of affairs existing even in the Mexican capital, the minister related that a day or two before Beale arrived, he had seen from the balcony of his house a robbery committed in the public streets,—two quares off, in open day, and the robber takes off his booty—the horse and outfit of a traveller—in triumph. Beale's copies of the despatches came in the mail two days after his arrival, and he had the satisfaction to find the precaution he had taken not only approved, but commended by the minister, as has since also been repeated by the head of the Navy Department.

Boale left the gates of Mexico as the *cerenos* (watchmen) cried the hour of midnight, and travelled to Vera Cruz with unexampled despatch. The distance is upwards of ninety leagues, (about two hundred and seventy five miles), and he arrived at the city walls on the second night as the watchmen were again crying the *media noche*, (midnight), making the ride exactly forty-eight hours—a ride, I venture to say, not beaten by anything on record.

At Plan del Rio he was again chased by *chibchibs* who had got in his rear, and was twice fired at by them. The road, like the highways in all mountainous countries, is

flanked in many places by narrow paths which cut off the curves made by the road in winding around the gorges. These by-ways are travelled by horsemen, and the places where they connect with the road are favorite resorts, in countries infested with banditti, for awaiting and waylaying the traveller, whose heavier conveyance or non-acquaintance with the country keeps him to the highway.

At the approach of evening of the first day out, Beale saw a horseman in front of him with his carbine not swung, as is usual in travelling, but in his hands, as for immediate use. He was near the entrance of one of the by-ways I have spoken of, and, after taking a sufficient survey of Beale and his guide, turned into the path, as if to depart. Beale halted him to know where he was going. The man replied that he was hunting his mule. "But you don't go mule hunting with your carbine in your hand, and no lasso." Then he said he was hunting for game. His different stories betrayed that he was out for no good, and Beale was convinced that his design was to wait for him, probably with accomplices, at the other end of the path.

His only chance, then, was in making the circuitous length of the road so rapidly as to anticipate the arrival of the robbers at the termination of the cut off. Calling to his guide to lead the way, he put his horse to his utmost speed down the mountain. But the guide replied that his horse could go no faster. Beale was presently in the lead, with the other shouting after him to slacken his pace, or their horses would be killed and they left afoot. Both, however, saved their distance, and a few moments after passing the inlet of the pathway a couple of vain carbine shots behind them testified at once the narrowness of their escape, and that they had judged rightly of the character and purposes of the male hunter.

Two days and nights of such travelling, and through such adventures, brought our traveller, as I have said, to the walls of Vera Cruz, at midnight. The gates were closed, and he was kept outside till daylight. Getting into the city, he went direct to the seaside, and took a rowboat for Anton Lizardo, twenty miles distant, the anchorage of the naval squadron, hoping to get passage immediately. Not being able to accomplish this, however, he returned to Vera Cruz, arriving there at night, and having a night's sleep under a roof—the first since leaving Mazatlan,—with the exception of the time he was detained in the capital.

The next day he was waited on by the police to answer for the man who had come as his guide from the city of Mexico, and who, since his arrival, had been talking and acting so strangely as to make it necessary to secure him. It turned out that the fatigue and excitement and dangers of the journey had disturbed the unfortunate man's mind, and the city authorities were obliged to send him back, under charge, in the diligence. Such were the terrors of the road.

Four days after his arrival Benle left Vera Cruz in the sloop-of-war German-town, and after a tedious passage was landed at Mobile, whence he took the mail line, and reached this city on the 16th instant. His whole travel, therefore, including all delays, (his four days detention at Vera Cruz, and his long passage to Mobile,) was accomplished from La Paz, on the coast of California, to Washington, in forty-seven days. Altogether, it is the quickest, and in many respects one of the most remarkable trips that has ever been made across Mexico.

Midshipman Beale, the gallant and meritorious young officer who accomplished it, is the same who received so honorable a testimonial from his brother officers, (as noted in your paper in May or June of last year,) for his enterprise, devotion, and courage, in passing, in company with Carson, through the enemy's lines, and through an insurgent population, from San Bernardo to San Diego, to procure relief to be sent to the American encampment at the first named place. Such was his rapid and adventurous ride across Mexico—never free from danger—now more dangerous than ever from the accession of disbanded soldiers to the ranks of the ladrones.—*Nat. Int.*

A GREAT TRUTH BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED.

At a recent dedication of a new school in Boston, Mayor Quincy, after stating that \$200,000 had just been expended by the city authorities in the erection of school houses, gave utterance to the following beautiful thought:

"If but once in a century, a little being should be sent into this world, of the most delicate and beautiful structure, and we were told that a wonderful principle prevailed over every part of it, capable of unlimited expansion and happiness—capable of being associated with angels and becoming the friend of God: or if it should receive a wrong bias, growing up in enmity against Him and incurring everlasting misery,—would any expense of education which would contribute to save from such misery and elevate to such happiness, be too much? But instead of one such little being, twenty-five thousand are now entrusted to the care of the "city fathers," and their education in this world will determine their future destiny—of companionship with the angels, or with the degraded, wretched enemies of God."

"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Pat-  
ander to another, who had fallen from the  
op of a two story house. "Not in the laste,  
oney; 'twass toppin' so quick that hurt me."